THE BOOK OF JOB

THE VILLE LAZ SILVANET

I

Didurat

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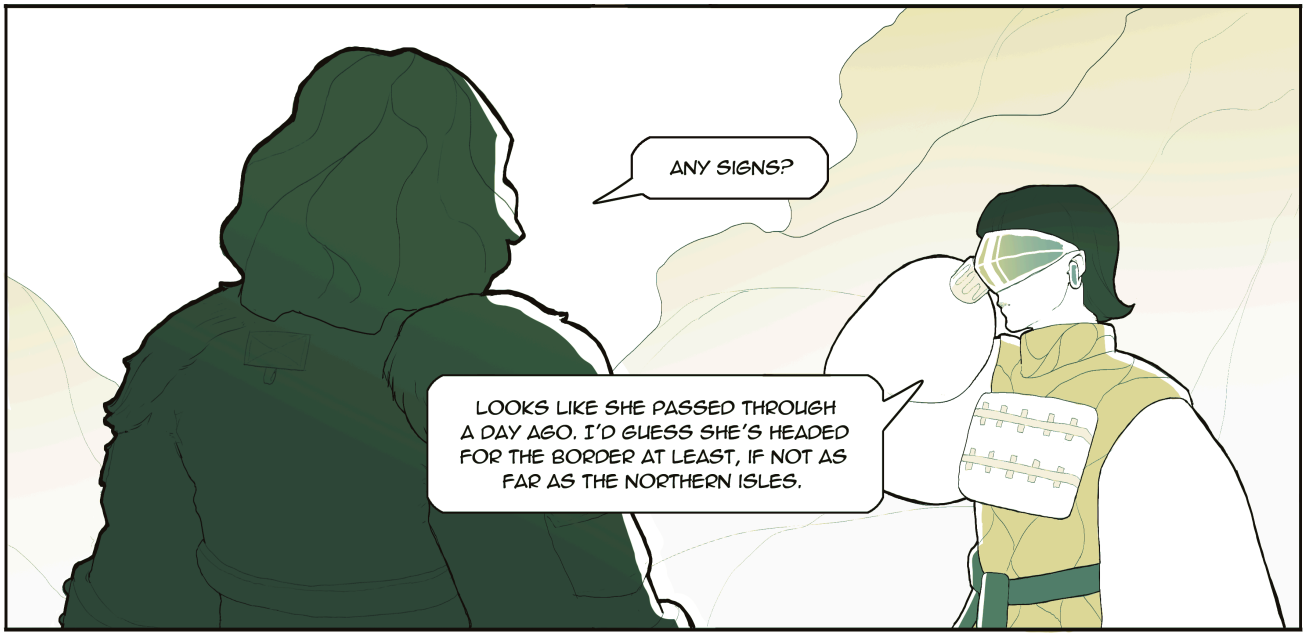
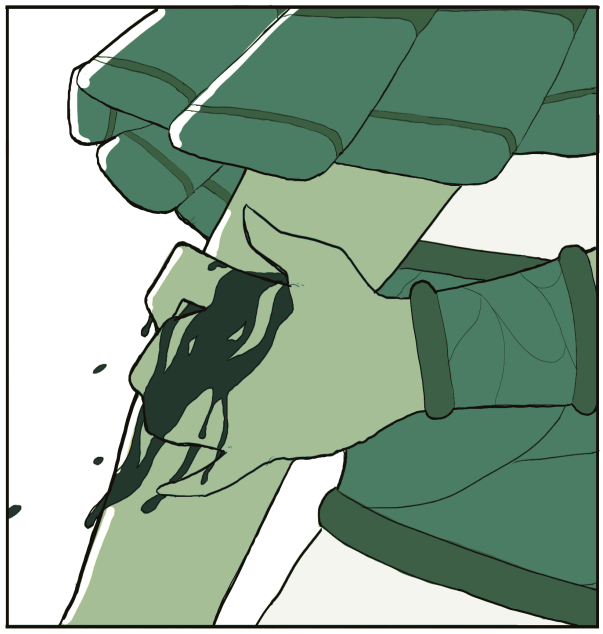

ANY SIGNS?
LOOKS LIKE SHE PASSED THROUGH A DAY AGO. I'D GUESS SHE'S HEADED FOR THE BORDER AT LEAST, IF NOT AS FAR AS THE NORTHERN ISLES.

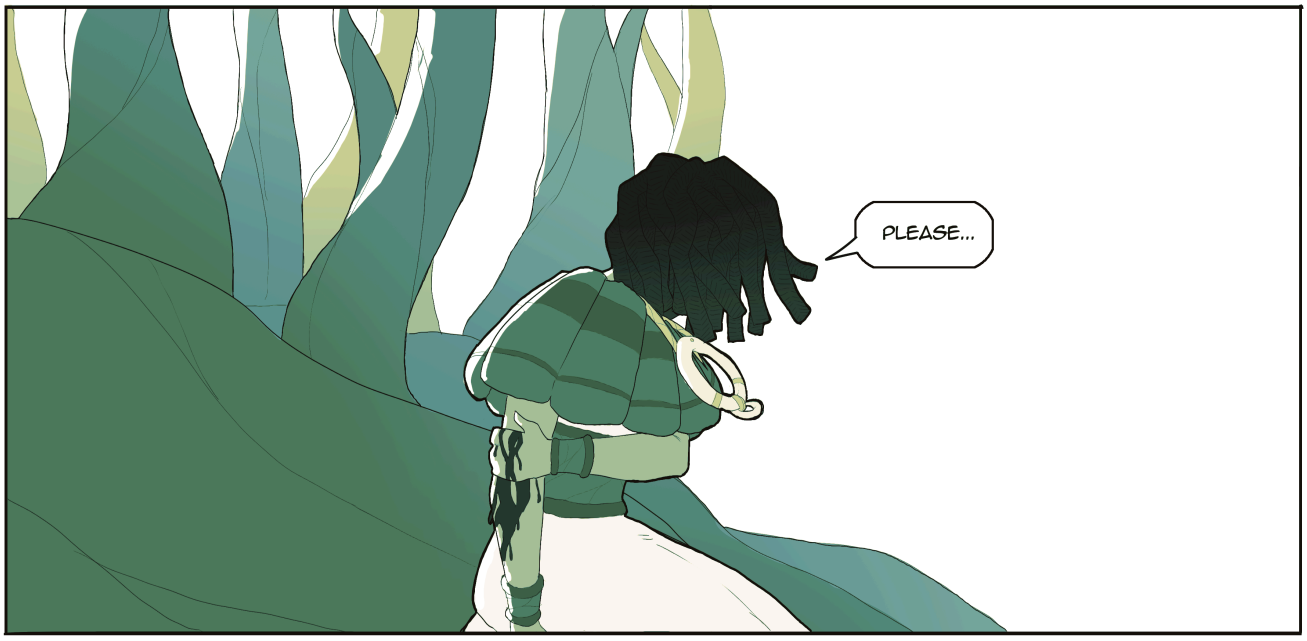
IF SHE LEAVES THE PENINSULA WE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE OF FINDING HER. WE'LL HAVE TO CUT THROUGH THE DREDGES TO REACH HER BEFORE SHE CROSSES OVER.
WITH ANY LUCK, WE'LL CATCH UP BEFORE THE *PORCELAIN MAN*.

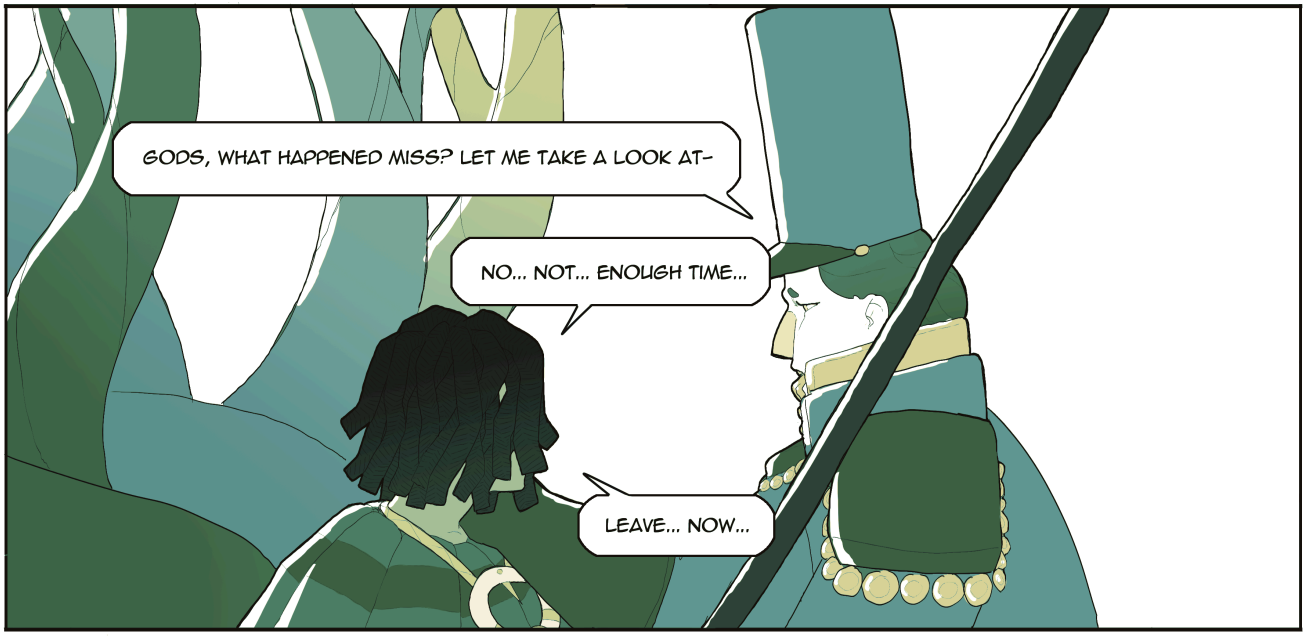
I WOULDN'T GET MY HOPES UP.

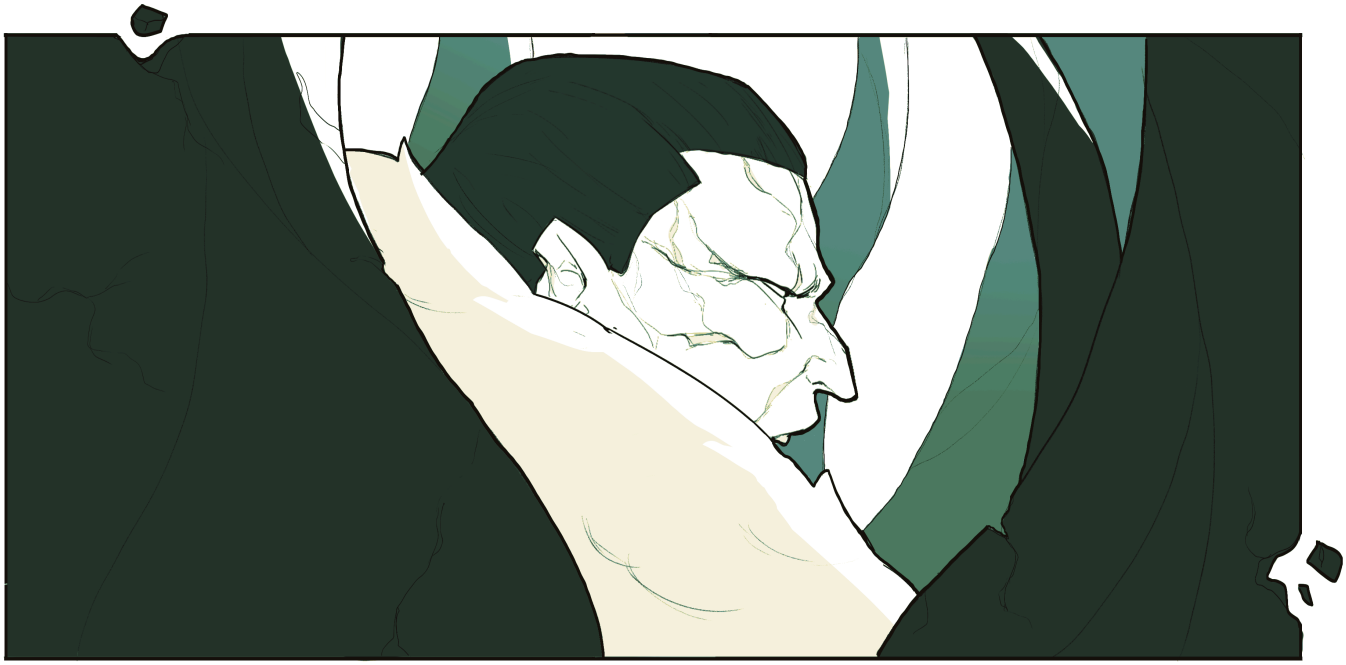


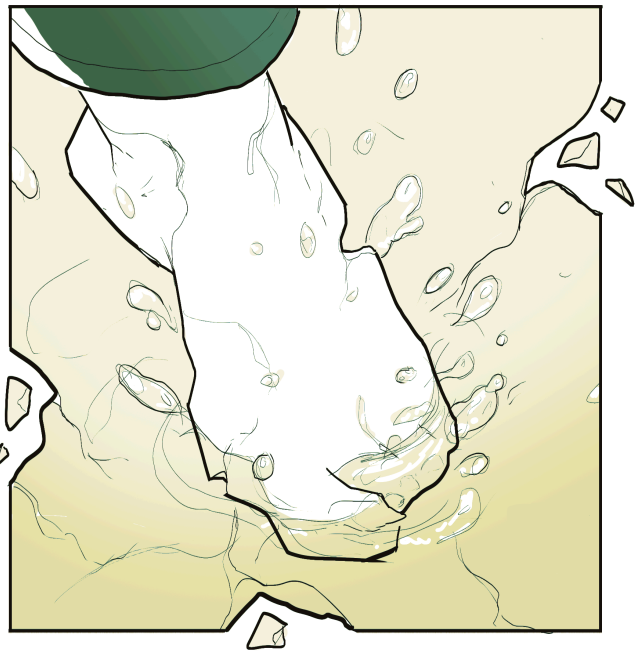
HELP!

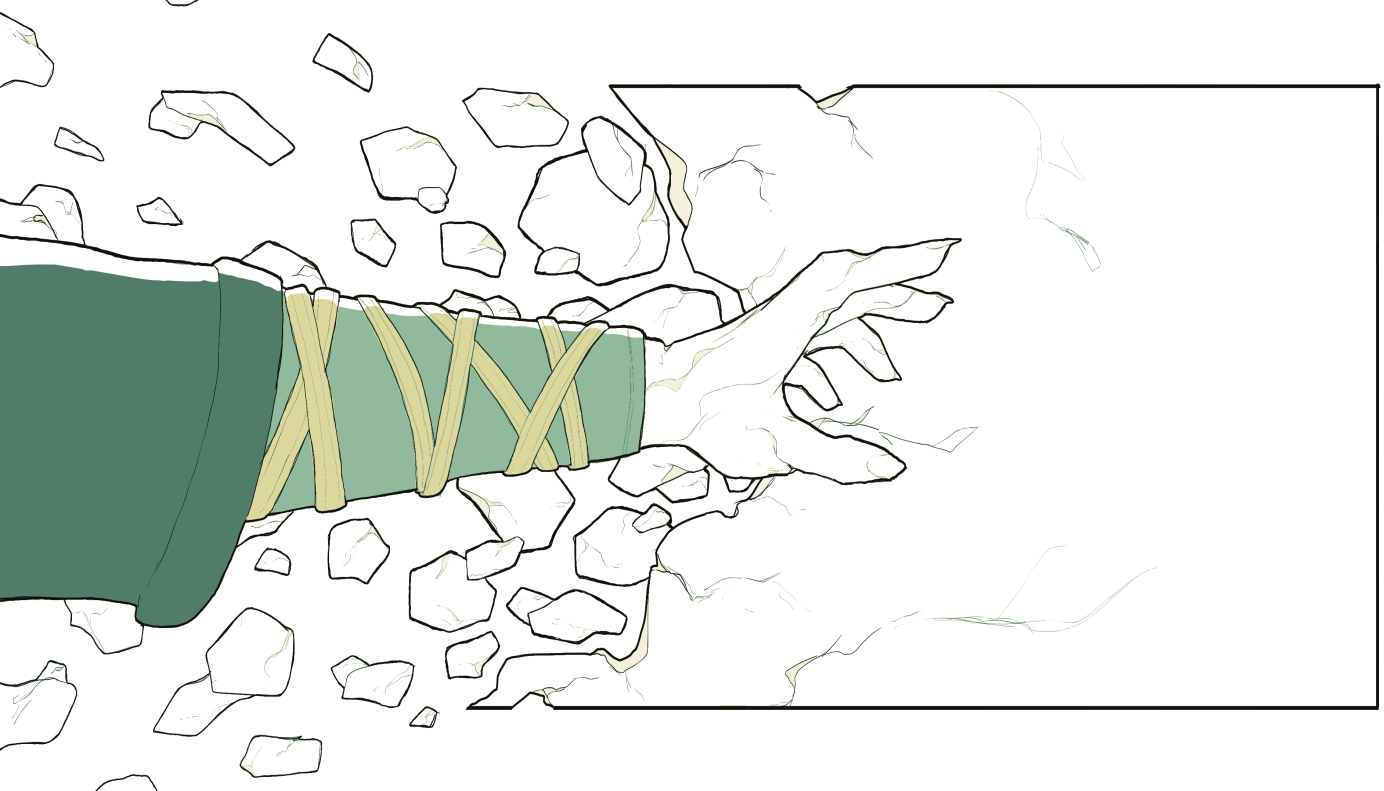
PLEASE HELP ME!

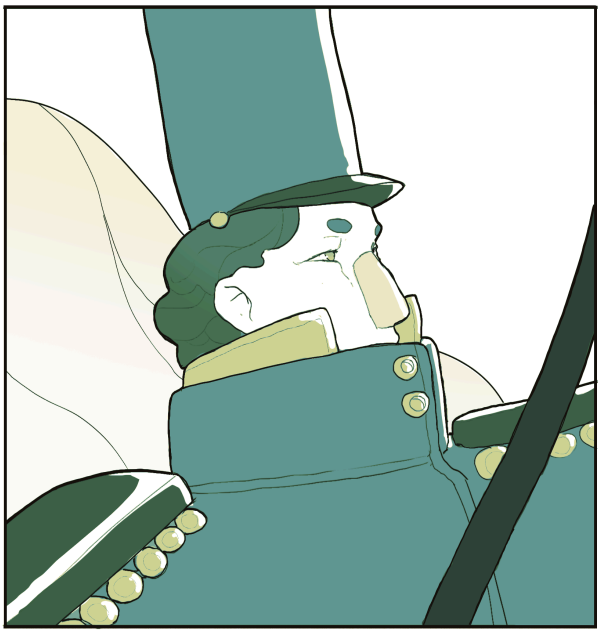

PLEASE...

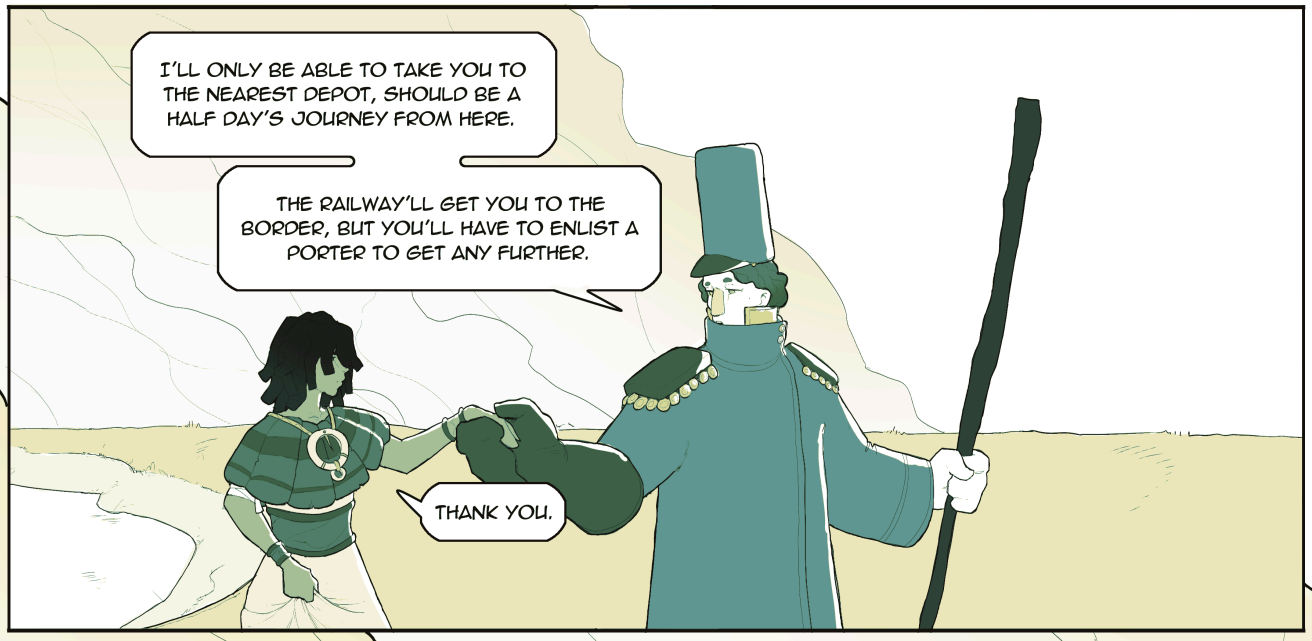

GODS, WHAT HAPPENED MISS? LET ME TAKE A LOOK AT-
NO... NOT... ENOUGH TIME...
LEAVE... NOW...



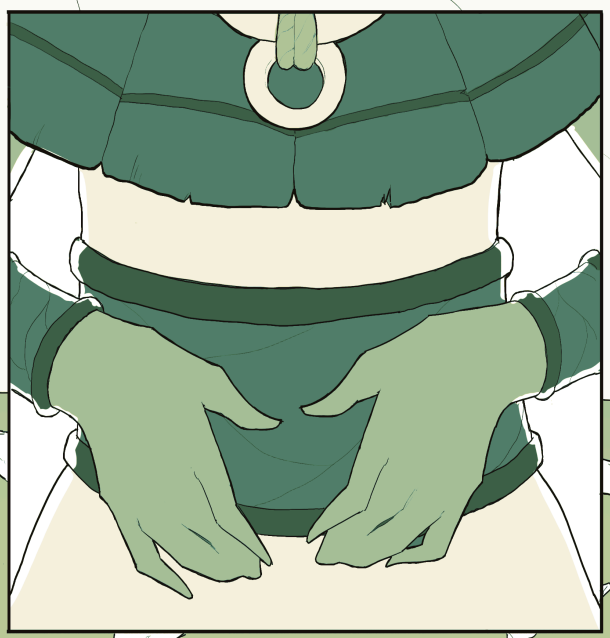


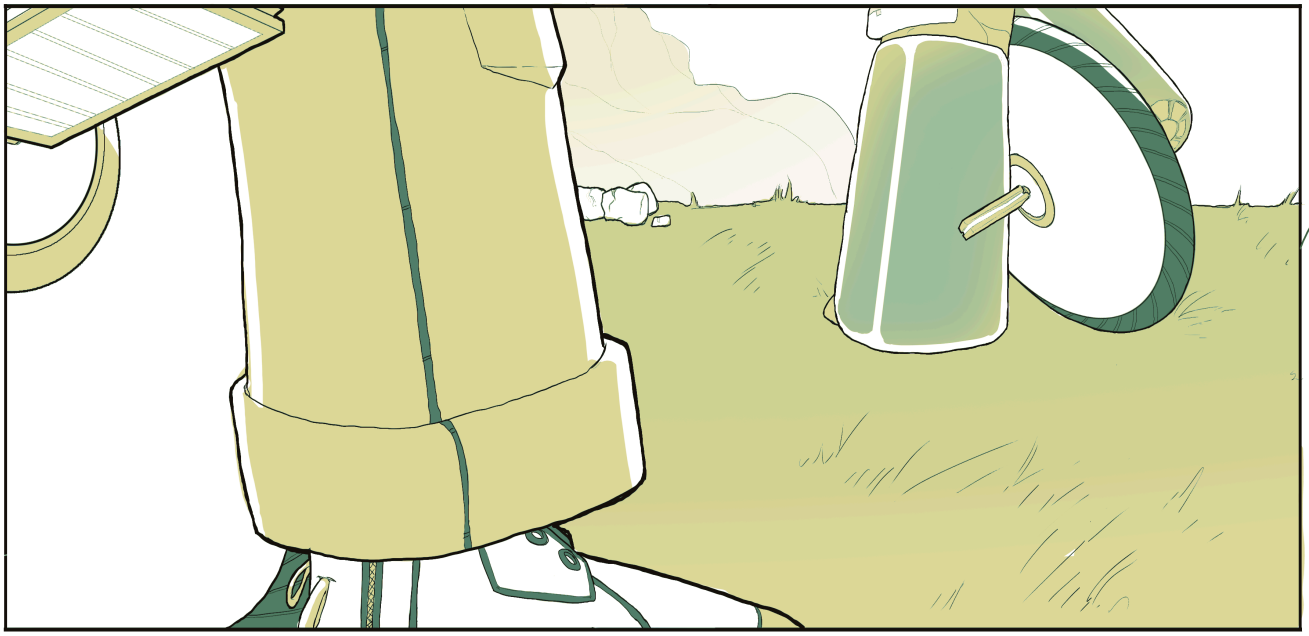





I'LL ONLY BE ABLE TO TAKE YOU TO THE NEAREST DEPOT, SHOULD BE A HALF DAY'S JOURNEY FROM HERE.
THE RAILWAY'LL GET YOU TO THE BORDER, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO ENLIST A PORTER TO GET ANY FURTHER.
THANK YOU.

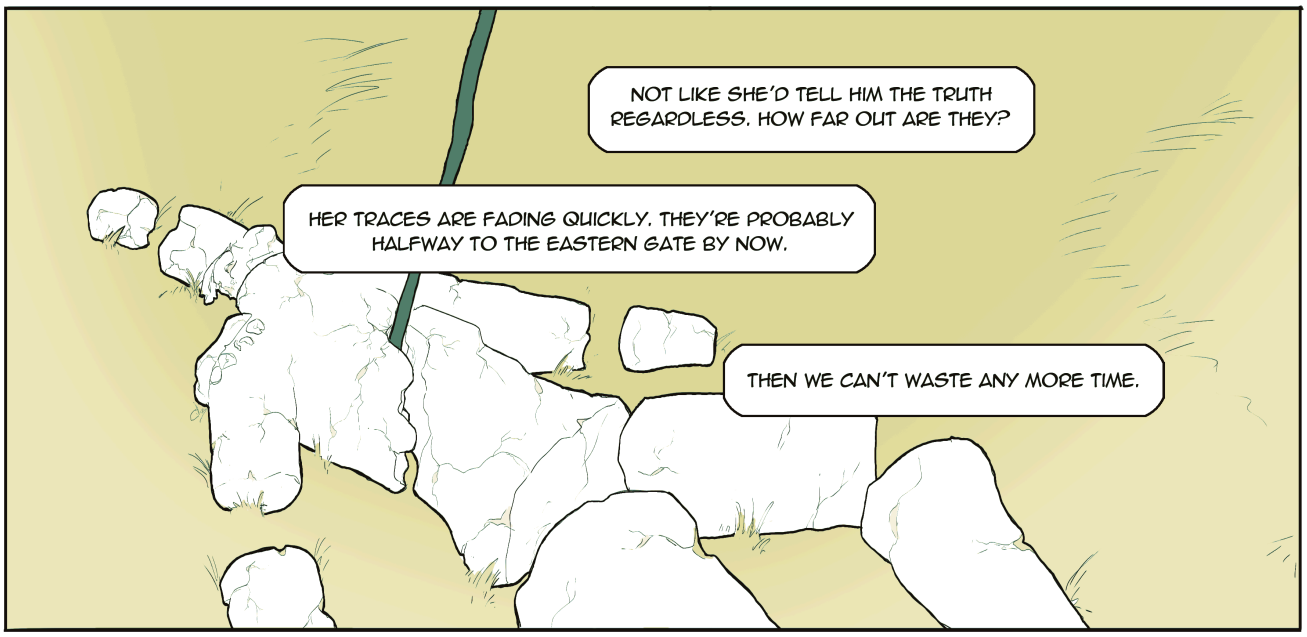
IF YOU DON'T MIND ME ASKING, WHO WAS THAT BACK THERE?



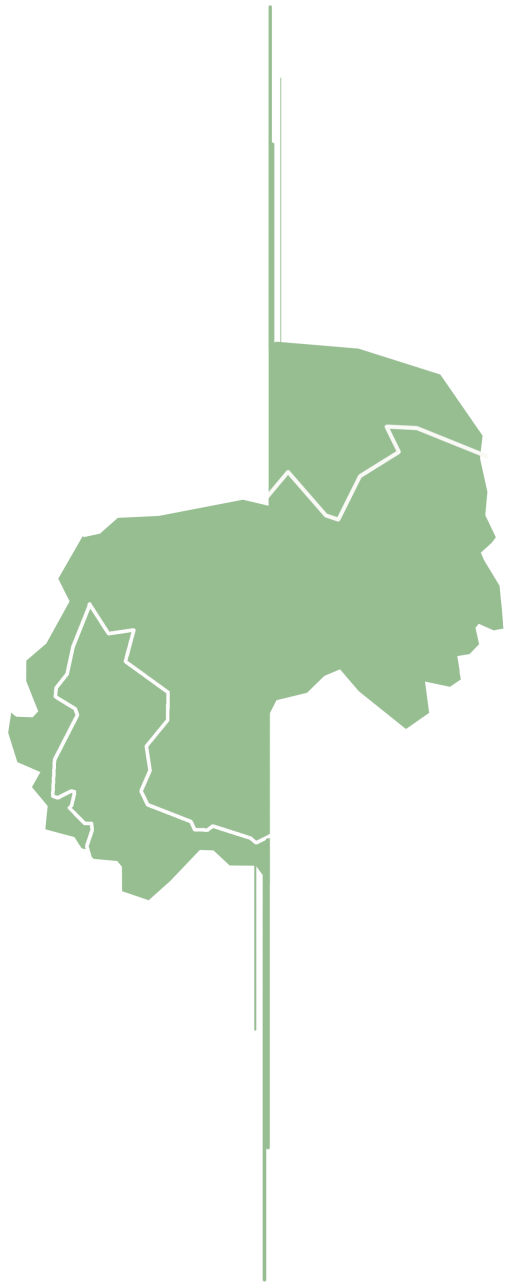


HE'S MERFICUL AS EVER.

DOUBT OUR FRIEND HERE HAD ANY IDEA WHAT HE WAS GETTING HIMSELF INTO.


NOT LIKE SHE'D TELL HIM THE TRUTH REGARDLESS. HOW FAR OUT ARE THEY?
HER TRACES ARE FADING QUICKLY. THEY'RE PROBABLY HALFWAY TO THE EASTERN GATE BY NOW.
THEN WE CAN'T WASTE ANY MORE TIME.

YOU'LL HAVE TO HOLD ON A BIT LONGER, MOTHER.
TO BE CONTINUED....



$7.99 USA $10.99 CAN £5.99 UK

ISBN: 174-2-1400-8025

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